



Geronimo Stilton

SPACeMice

SLURP MONSTER SHOWDOWN



 SCHOLASTIC



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**SLURP MONSTER
SHOWDOWN**



 **SCHOLASTIC**



My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where anything could be possible.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this
intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton



**PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT**

THE SPACEmice

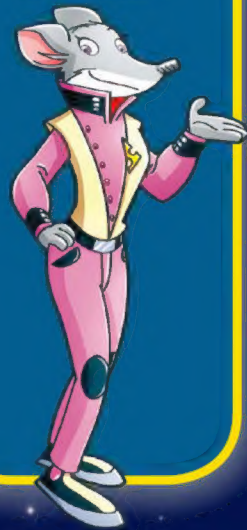
GERONIMO
STILTONIX



TRAP
STILTONIX



THEA
STILTONIX



GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN
STILTONIX
AND BUGSY
WUGSY



Geronimo Stilton



SLURP MONSTER SHOWDOWN



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In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!

I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy traveling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

**THIS IS THE
LATEST ADVENTURE
OF THE SPACEMICE!**





AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

Everything was cosmically **calm** when I woke up on my spaceship that morning. I left my cabin, whistling as I headed to the control room. I couldn't wait to **sink** into my captain's chair and munch on some **GORGONZOLA GRANOLA**, but when I got there . . .

Oh, excuse me—I haven't introduced myself. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**, and I am captain of the *MouseStar 1*, the most mouserific spaceship in the universe!

As I was saying, as soon as I entered the control room, a **THUNDEROUS** voice hit my ears.



“Look lively, you **limp lunar cheese sticks!**” yelled my grandfather William Stiltonix. He was sitting in my chair, **SHOUTING** orders at the whole crew.

“Grandfather, how nice to **SEE** you,” I said. “What brings you to the control room?”





AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

“My feet, Grandson—and they’re a lot **FASTER** than yours!” he snapped. “You’re **late** for work!”

I stammered. “B-b-but we didn’t have any **missions** planned today!”

“What a lazybones!” Grandfather said. “If it were up to you, this spaceship would stay in **orbit** forever.”



Before I could defend myself, **Robotix**, the ship’s robot, floated over to Grandfather.

“Admiral Stiltonix, we’re ready!” he said.

“We have locked in the **coordinates** for our launch into hyperspace.”

Launch into hyperspace?
HOLEY CRATERS!





Hearing those words made my whiskers tremble in fright.

Entering hyperspace meant *accelerating* faster than the speed of light—which really does a number on my stomach!

“Er, Grandfather, why exactly do we need to **LAUNCH** into hyperspace?” I asked.

“Because we’re **explorers**, Grandson!” he replied. “I recently identified a planet all the way at the end of the universe. It’s named **Mozzarellon**, and no spacemouse has ever set paw on it. We will be the first to explore it!”

I gulped. “The end of the universe?” That sounded awfully **Far away**.

But Grandfather had his mind made up. “**Full speed ahead!**” he commanded.

The ship lurched forward, and the



AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

acceleration was so strong that I flew backward! I **BUMPED** my head on the floor, fainted, and began having the most **wonderful** dream . . .

In my dream, I was on the beaches of the planet **Tropicalix**. Walking next to me





was **Sally de Wrench**, the talented technician of the *MouseStar 1*—and also the most **FASCINATING** rodent in the galaxy . . .

A pull on my whiskers **JOLTED** me awake. I opened my eyes and gasped. I wasn't





AN UNEXPLORED PLANET!

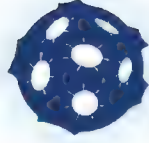
looking at the kind face of Sally de Wrench—I was looking at the **goofy** face of my cousin Trap!

“Wake up, Geronimo!” he said, **shaking me** forcefully. “We’ve arrived at the planet Mozzarellon. It’s a **mousetastic** place! We’ve got to get out there and explore! Come with me right now!”

A mousetastic place?

Go with him?

But why?



THE EXPLORATION MISSION

I was still **fuzzy** from bumping my head. I couldn't remember what had just happened, and I didn't **understand** what Trap was talking about. But I knew one thing for sure: I didn't want to do it!

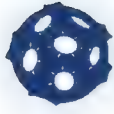
Trap grabbed me by the **paws** and got me back on my feet.

"Cousin, what is this all about?" I snapped.

"I'll **SHOW** you," he replied.

He led me to the





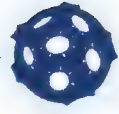
THE EXPLORATION MISSION

large **monITOR** and showed me a planet as white as **milk**, surrounded by a cosmic cloud.

“It’s the planet **Mozzarellon!**” he told me. “While you fainted, we launched into hyperspace and entered the planet’s **ORBIT!**”

Then Trap typed into a keyboard and an encyclopedia entry popped up. “Look!



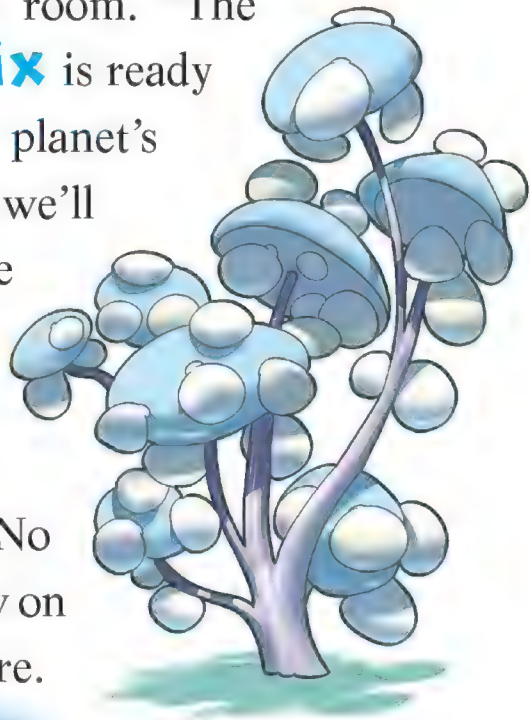


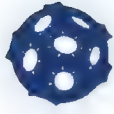
There's **WILD MOZZARELLA** growing on the planet. We have to go check it out!"

Suddenly, I **remembered** Grandfather William's plans to **explore** the planet. I was trying to gather my thoughts when Trap interrupted me.

"Come on, Ger!" he urged, pushing me into the teleportation room. "The **Teletransportix** is ready to teleport us to the planet's surface! By lunchtime we'll be **ENJOYING** the first wild mozzarella in space!"

"Wait just one minute," I protested. "No mouse has ever set paw on **Mozzarellon** before."





THE EXPLORATION MISSION

We need to do some **TESTS** before we go down there. There could be **galactic germs**, or **cosmic bacteria**, or **space microbes** . . .”

My voice trailed off when the doors of the room opened up, and in stepped **Sally de Wrench!**

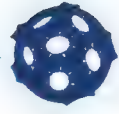
Glittering galaxies, she was even more fascinating in person!



I didn't want her to see how **NERVOUS**

I was, so I turned to Trap and spoke in my most captain-like voice.

“Cousin, I would be happy



to accompany you on your exploration mission, but as **captain** of this spaceship I must stay here and do some important captain business!”

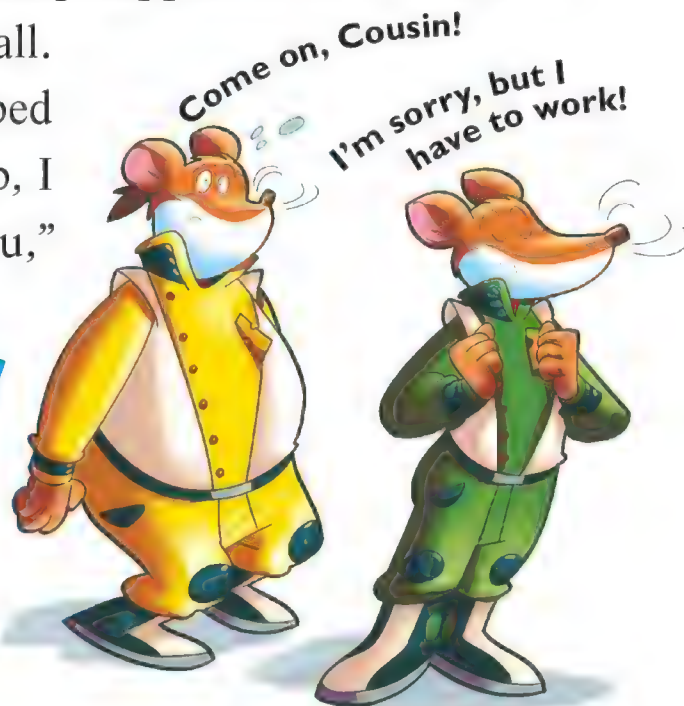
“But every **exploration mission** needs two rodents,” Trap said. “How will I do it alone?”

Then something happened that I did not **EXPECT** at all.

Sally stepped forward. “Trap, I will go with you,” she said.

Cheesy comets!

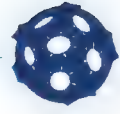
Was the rodent of my dreams about to go



on an exploration mission with my cousin,
without me? **Was this a bad joke? A
nightmare? A horror film?**

“Please, **wait** until we can do some tests,”
I said, but Trap and Sally ignored me. The
two **ADVENTUROUS** rodents were





so eager to explore Mozzarellon! They stepped into the Teletransportix and entered the planet's coordinates. Then they **DEMATERIALIZED** right before my eyes!

I **stared** at the empty Teletransportix for a few minutes, blinking. Then I headed back to the control room.

So far, my morning was **stinking** worse than rotten cheese!



CODE YELLOW!

I **slumped** back to the control room, disappointed in myself. I was worried that I had looked like a **scaredy-rat** in front of Sally!

To make matters **worse**, Grandfather William started yelling at me.

“What are you doing here, Grandson?” he asked. “You should be on **Mozzarellon!**”

I sighed. “I just think we should test for **SPACE BACTERIA**, and . . .”

“Tests take too much time!” said my sister, Thea. “I can’t wait to get down there!”

“Really?” I asked.

Thea nodded. “I want to ride my **SPACE MOTORCYCLE** on the surface!”

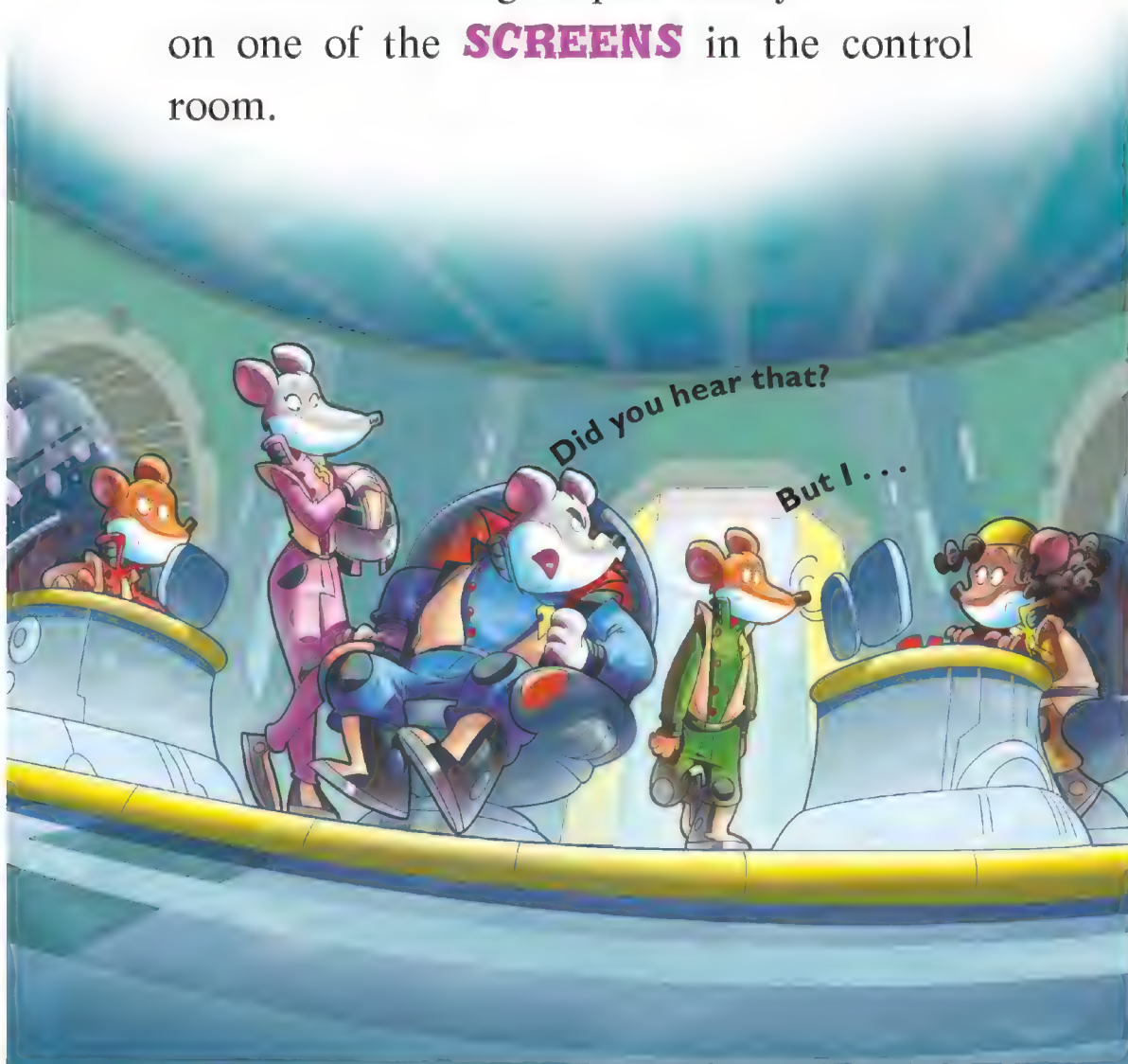
“Did you hear that, you **cheese loaf?**”



Grandpa asked. “Thea has the spirit of a *true captain!*”

RED with embarrassment, I walked over to my nephew Benjamin.

He was watching Trap and Sally’s mission on one of the **SCREENS** in the control room.





CODE YELLOW!

Benjamin **SMILED** at me. “Uncle, don’t be **WORRIED** about exploring Mozzarella. Buggy and I will go with you when you’re done **testing** for space bacteria.”

GALACTIC GOUDA, he is such a sweet little nephew!

I watched the screen with him. Trap and Sally were walking inside a shallow **CRATER**.

“Look! They found the **WILD MOZZARELLA** shrubs!” Benjamin cried.

The crew gathered around us, **curious**. Starry space dust, it was true! Growing inside the crater were **strange** space plants that had plump balls of mozzarella growing on their branches!

Professor Greenfur, the ship’s scientist, nodded his head. “Now





CODE YELLOW!

this is a truly mousetastic discovery!” he remarked.

Then we heard a **Y E L L** from Hologramix, the ship’s computer.

“Unidentified aliens are approaching the exploration team!

Code yellow!
Code yellow!
Code yellow!”

Thea turned on her wrist phone. “Trap, can you hear me? You need to be careful. Someone is coming toward you. It could be dangerous!”

But it was already **too late**. On the screen we could see Trap and Sally’s **terrified** faces. Then Trap began to stammer.

“H-HEY, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US?
WE’RE NOT DOING ANYTHING WRONG!
HELP!”



Then the screen went blank. Total **silence** fell over the control room.

“Something tells me that those aliens weren’t **friendly**,” Professor Greenfur said.

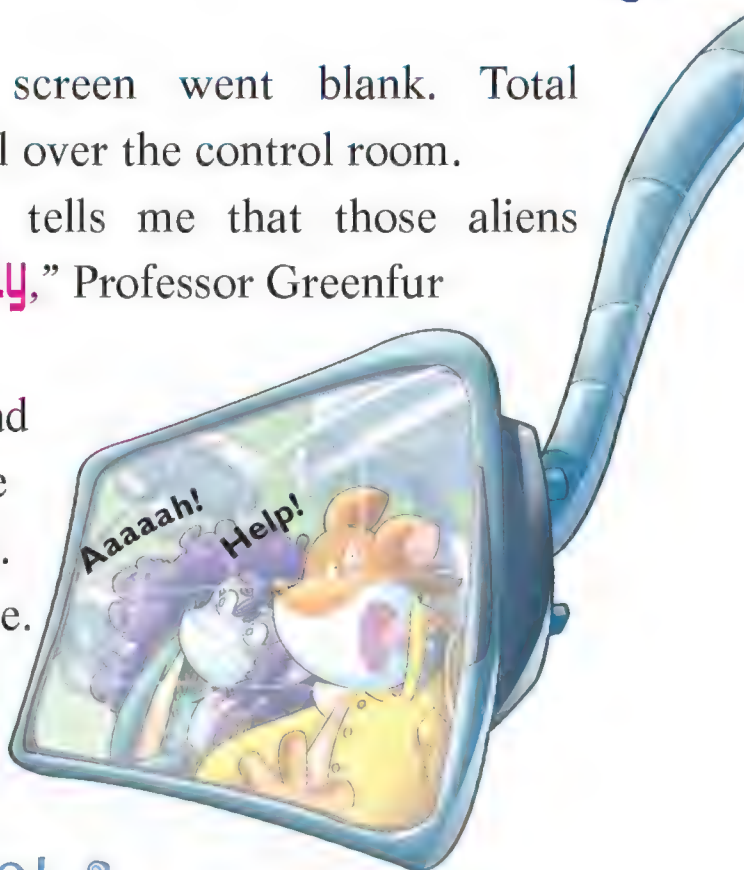
My fear had frozen me like Plutonian ice. Thea shook me.

“We’ve got to get down there!

There’s not a moment to lose!” she cried.

Oh, for all the shooting stars—my sister was right!

I sprang into **action** and started to quickly organize a **rescue mission**. Robotix, Thea, and I would go to the





planet. Grandfather William and Professor Greenfur would coordinate the operations from **MOUSEstar 1**.

I stepped onto the **Teletransportix** platform with my team when Benjamin and his friend Buggy ran up to me.

“We’re coming, too!” he announced. “We’ve already made a **map** of this planet, so we’ll be useful.”

I shook my head. “No way! This could be a very **DANGEROUS** mission,” I said.

But the two little spacemice **climbed** onto the platform just as Professor Greenfur activated it!

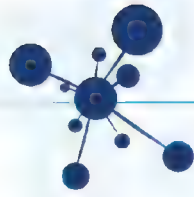
My head began to **SPin** as the machine started to break apart our **MOLECULES** into tiny pieces. **Cosmic cheese chunks**, what a terrible feeling!



I don't like the Teletransportix, but I had to help Trap and Sally.

I was ready for anything!

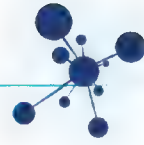




CRUSTY, RUSTY BOLTS!

We landed inside the same crater that Trap and Sally had been exploring. But *where* were they? And **WHO**—or **WHAT**—had scared them?





We began to examine the crater for **clues**.

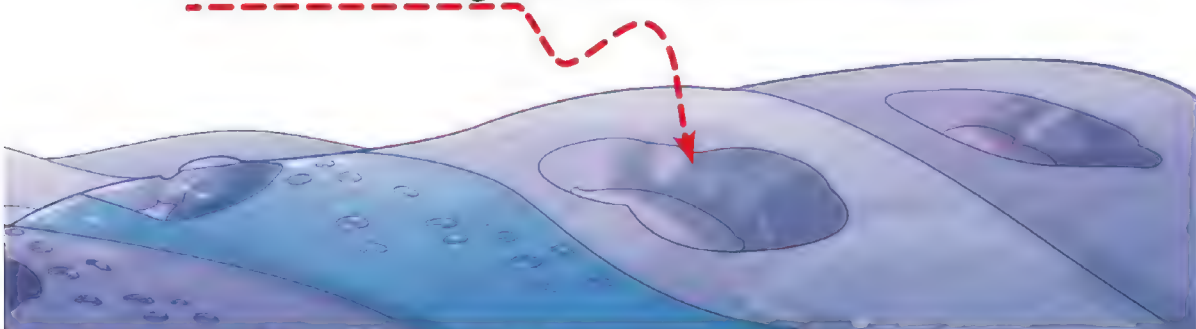
Thea studied a wild mozzarella shrub. “**Amazing!** Imagine that — mozzarella growing from a bush!”

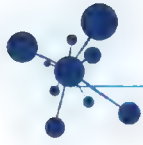
Benjamin started to **BOUNCE** up and down. “The planet’s surface is soft and kind of **gummy**,” he remarked.

“It’s like walking on a big mattress!” Buggy said happily.

I didn’t like the **bouncy** surface. It was starting to make me feel **seasick!** I took a few steps and lost my balance, landing whisker-first on the ground.

Luckily, it was so **soft** that I wasn’t hurt — and from down there I could see **TRACKS** along the bottom of the crater.





CRUSTY, RUSTY BOLTS!

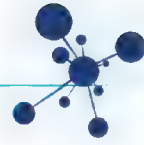
“Those are **Trap’s and Sally’s** pawprints!” I exclaimed.

“Good job, Ger!” Thea praised me.

We saw **smaller** tracks next to the pawprints.

“Those must be **alien** tracks!” Thea guessed.



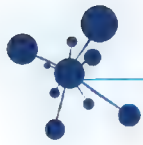


We followed them. After a while, Trap and Sally's tracks **DISAPPEARED**. And the alien's footprints looked **DEEPER**.

"Hmm. What happened here?" Thea wondered. Then we heard voices.

I **JUMPED** at the noise. "That sounds like Trap and Sally!"





CRUSTY, RUSTY BOLTS!

Thea raised a finger to her lips. “SHHH!
We don’t want the aliens to see us!”

We **hid** behind the edge of the crater
and peeked out. **Shooting stars!** Trap
and Sally were tied up on a pole!

The aliens who had captured them were
small, **round**, and **chubby**. They all
wore milky-white clothing. They each had
two cheerful **EYES** on top of tall stalks.

“These must be the **CHEESIX** aliens,” Thea
whispered. “Let’s approach them carefully.”

So Thea, Benjamin, Buggy, Robotix, and I
quietly stepped out of our hiding place and
began to follow them from a safe distance.



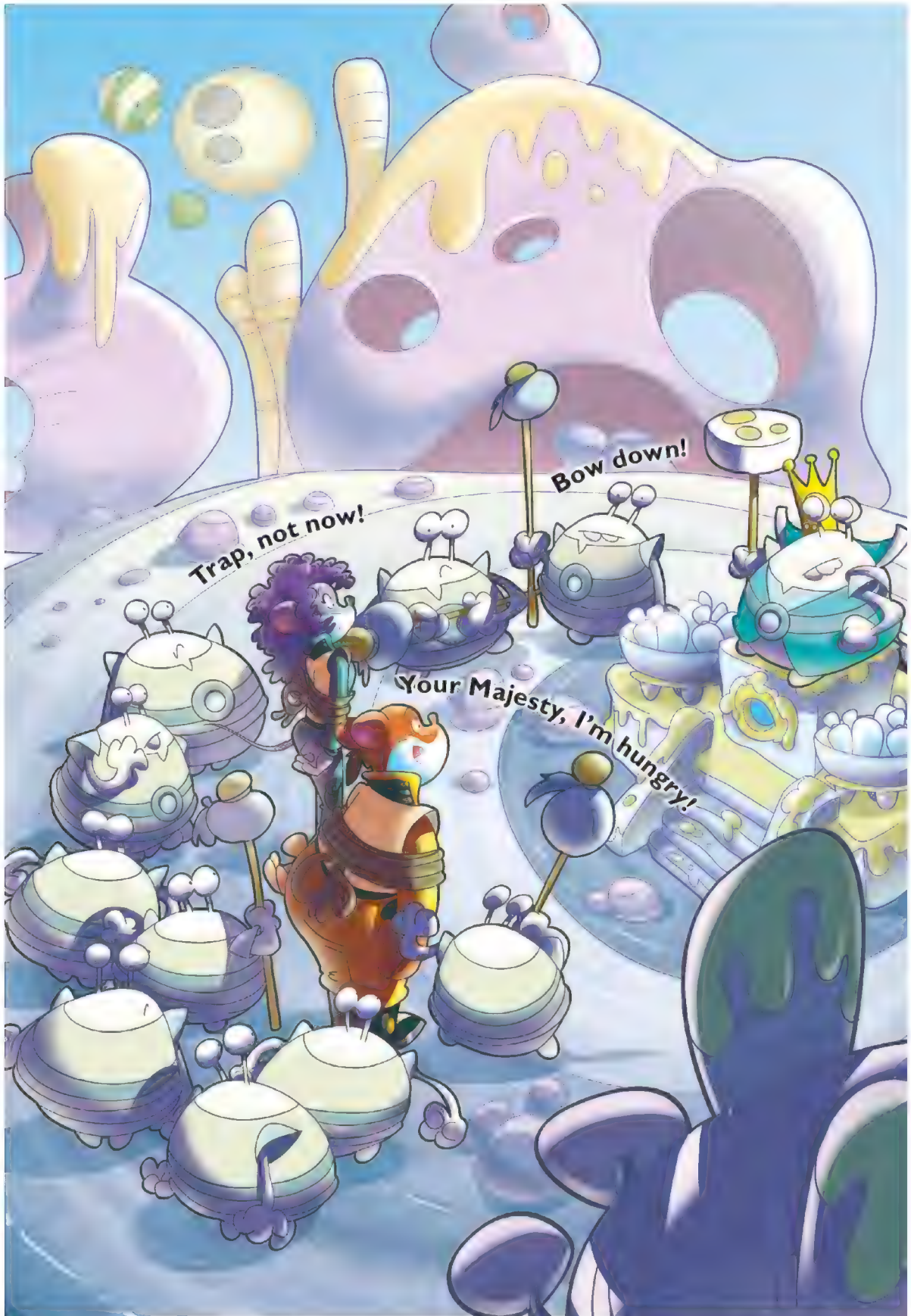
A VERY CHEESY PLANET!

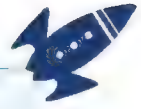
After a really **Long** walk, the aliens arrived in what looked to be their capital city. We walked past houses that looked like **giant** soft, round mozzarella balls painted in light colors.

Mousey meteorites, this was turning out to be one cheesy planet!

The cheesix led Trap and Sally into a large square, where their **king** was seated on a throne that almost looked like a washing machine. I could tell he was a king because he wore a **crown** on his head.

The king also wore a fancy **turquoise** outfit, complete with a long cloak. On either





side of his throne were large **PLATTERS** of mozzarella.

The aliens carried Sally and Trap to the foot of the throne. Then the aliens watched with **fearful** looks on their faces, waiting to hear what the king would say.

“Untie the foreigners and bring them closer!” he commanded. “I want them to bow down to **Spherus the Third**, the leader of Mozzarellon and king of the cheesix people . . . me!”

The aliens quickly untied Sally and Trap. My cousin **blurted out**, “Your Majesty, I am very hungry!”

The king frowned. He did not look pleased with Trap’s **bad manners**.

“Trap, not now!” Sally hissed.

But Trap continued. “I have wanted to taste your **WILD MOZZARELLA** ever since I



A VERY CHEESY PLANET!

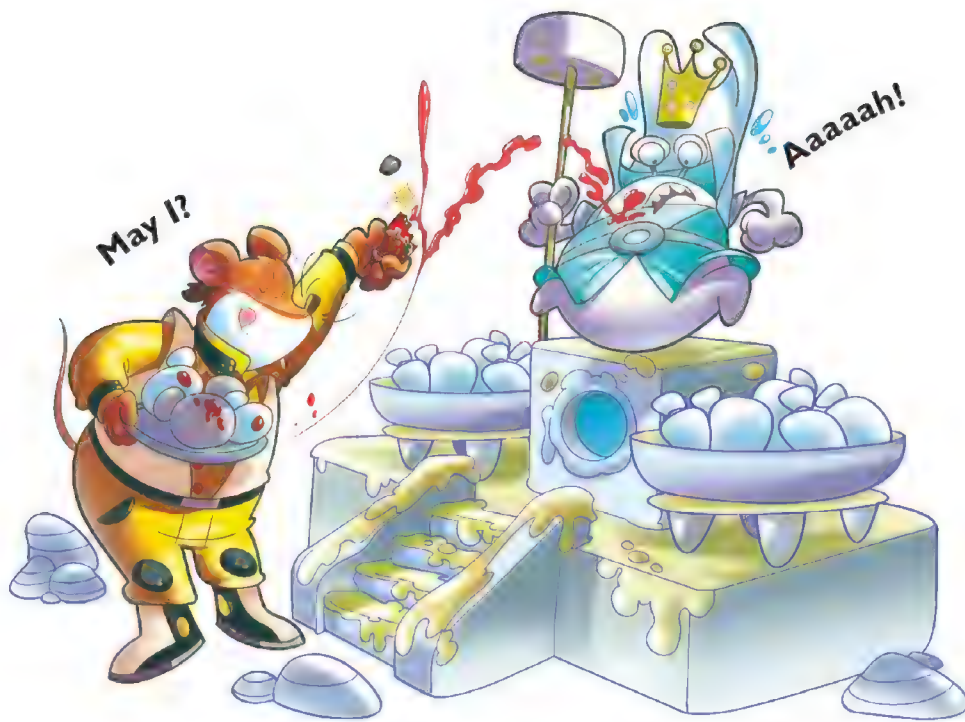
landed on this planet. **May I?**”

Without waiting for an answer, my cousin reached his paw toward one of the king’s platters and **grabbed** a mozzarella ball! He bit into it.

“**Tasty!**” he exclaimed, with his mouth full. “Do you know what goes great with mozzarella balls? A touch of **tomato sauce** from the planet Vega. Put them together and you get a whisker-licking-good snack!”

He took a bottle of the tomato sauce from his pocket. As quick as a comet he poured some onto a mozzarella ball—and accidentally **squirted** some onto the king’s clothes!

“Aaaaah!” shrieked the king. “How dare you dirty me with your messy sauce, stranger?!”

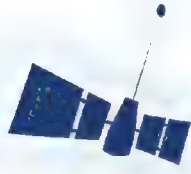


The king waved his scepter. “Guards, *grab him!* Take him to the Hypnotizer!”

Benjamin and Buggy looked up at me, worried.

“Uncle, what’s a *hypnotizer?*” Benjamin asked.

Holey craters, I had no idea! But it didn’t sound good at all!



THE FOOL'S DANCE

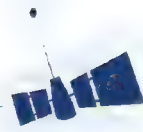
Before we could react, **King Spherus** hopped off his throne and the aliens brought Trap over to it. The throne definitely looked like a strange **washing machine**. Apparently, it was the Hypnotizer! The aliens slipped a **cap** on Trap's head and connected it to the machine with a tube. Then the machine started to shoot out tiny little **BUBBLES**.

"What are they doing?" asked Benjamin, **alarmed**.

"I have discovered information about the Hypnotizer in my **data banks**," Robotix reported.

"What do they say?" I asked.

"The Hypnotizer is a mostly **harmless**



machine,” Robotix replied.

I looked at Trap, who was **SMILING**. He seemed to be okay.

Thea was suspicious. “*Mostly* harmless?”

Before Robotix could answer, the machine stopped **bubbling**. The aliens took the strange cap off Trap’s head. He **blinked**.

“Hey, guys, I suddenly have a **strong**

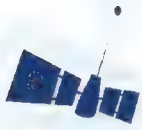
From the Encyclopedia Galactica

THE HYPNOTIZER

Description: Alien technology used by the cheesix of planet Mozzarellon. It causes a temporary change in personality, and the effects can wear off in as quickly as a few hours or as long as a week.

Effects: Whoever is connected to the Hypnotizer will be overcome by a strong desire to wash and iron things. It is a useful device for those who are lazy and hate to do their chores.





urge to do some housework,” he said. “Do you have any spacesuits that need **washing** or **IRONING**?”

Two aliens brought Trap a big tub of **dirty** laundry. We all looked at Robotix.

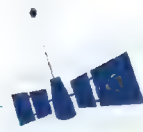
“As you see, the Hypnotizer makes you want to **clean** things,” Robotix said.

“These cheesix really seem to like things clean,” Thea remarked.

“It’s true,” Benjamin said.

“I don’t see a **speck** of dirt on any of them.”





Trap was already **BUSY** at work, ironing spacesuits. We couldn't help **LAUGHING**. Normally, Trap hated doing chores!

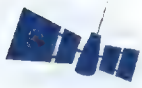
Then King Spherus spoke up. "Since the stranger has responded so well to the Hypnotizer, let's proceed with his friend as well! **Four paws** doing the wash are better than two!"

Now, it was one thing to see Trap under the Hypnotizer's spell. But I couldn't bear to see Sally turn into a **clothes-washing zombie**! I ran out of my hiding place.

"*Hold it right there!* We are the spacemice, and we come in peace!" I yelled. "We're here to **learn** about your planet, not **clean** it!"

"What are you doing?" Thea asked.

But Sally was all I could think about.



THE FOOL'S DANCE

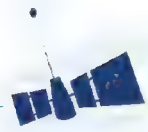
I **RAN** toward the center of the square,
yelling,

*"Saaallyyy, don't be afraaaid!
I'll saaave yooou!"*

I was halfway there when I **TRIPPED** on



THE FOOL'S DANCE



a bump in the planet's surface! I didn't want to fall and look like a **fool** in front of Sally. Trying to keep my balance, I struck a series of **ridiculous** poses and finally landed in front of the king's throne.

What a **galactically terrible** entrance!





A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE

I closed my eyes, waiting for King Spherus to **yell** at me. Instead, I heard the aliens all talking at once.

“Incredible!” one yelled.

“AMAZING!” shouted another.

“IT’S REALLY hiM!” King Spherus exclaimed.

Then the aliens broke into **thunderous** applause, and they all bowed to me—even the king!

I was cosmically confused!

Why were they so excited?

King Spherus exclaimed, “Bring me the **Big Book of Space Legends!**”



Two aliens ran up with the book. The king took it from them.

“An **ANCIENT** legend says that one day a **hero** will arrive on our planet,” he explained. “This hero will be known as the **CHEESEMMASTER!**”

“That’s a nice story,” I said. “But what does this Cheesemaster guy have to do with me?”

King Spherus opened the book and showed me a picture. “The legend says that





A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE

the Cheesemaster will **RISK** his life to save his companions. Then he will make himself known by doing a **dance**.”

I looked at the picture in the book. **JUMPING JUPITER**, I really did have a strange resemblance to the Cheesemaster! And his **dance moves** in the picture looked just like the **silly moves** I had made when I tripped!

“**SORRY**, but that wasn’t actually a





dance,” I tried to explain, but King Spherus wasn’t listening.

“We must *celebrate* our hero from the skies!” he announced, and the aliens all cheered.

Then the cheesix raced around, organizing a great **CELEBRATION**. They invited all of my friends as *honored* guests—even Trap and Sally.

Trap, surprisingly, turned down the



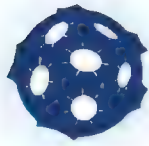


A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE

invitation. “No, thank you,” he said, his eyes weirdly **BLANK**. “I have way too much **laundry** to do.” Then the aliens escorted him to an enormous Laundromat, where he got busy **washing** more alien spacesuits. *Poor Trap!*

The effects of the Hypnotizer still hadn’t **worn off!**





A PARTY . . . WITH A SURPRISE!

The party was **very embarrassing** for me. The cheesix put a mozzarella **necklace** around my neck and began to carry me around like a **HERO**.

“Look, this is a **mistake**,” I said. “I am not the Cheesemaster! I’m not a hero!”

But nobody listened to me.

As night fell, **music** began to play, and everyone

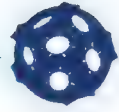


began to **dance**.

Benjamin and Bugsy had a lot of fun, especially when Robotix tried to teach the aliens his favorite dance, the **ROBOT SHUFFLE**.

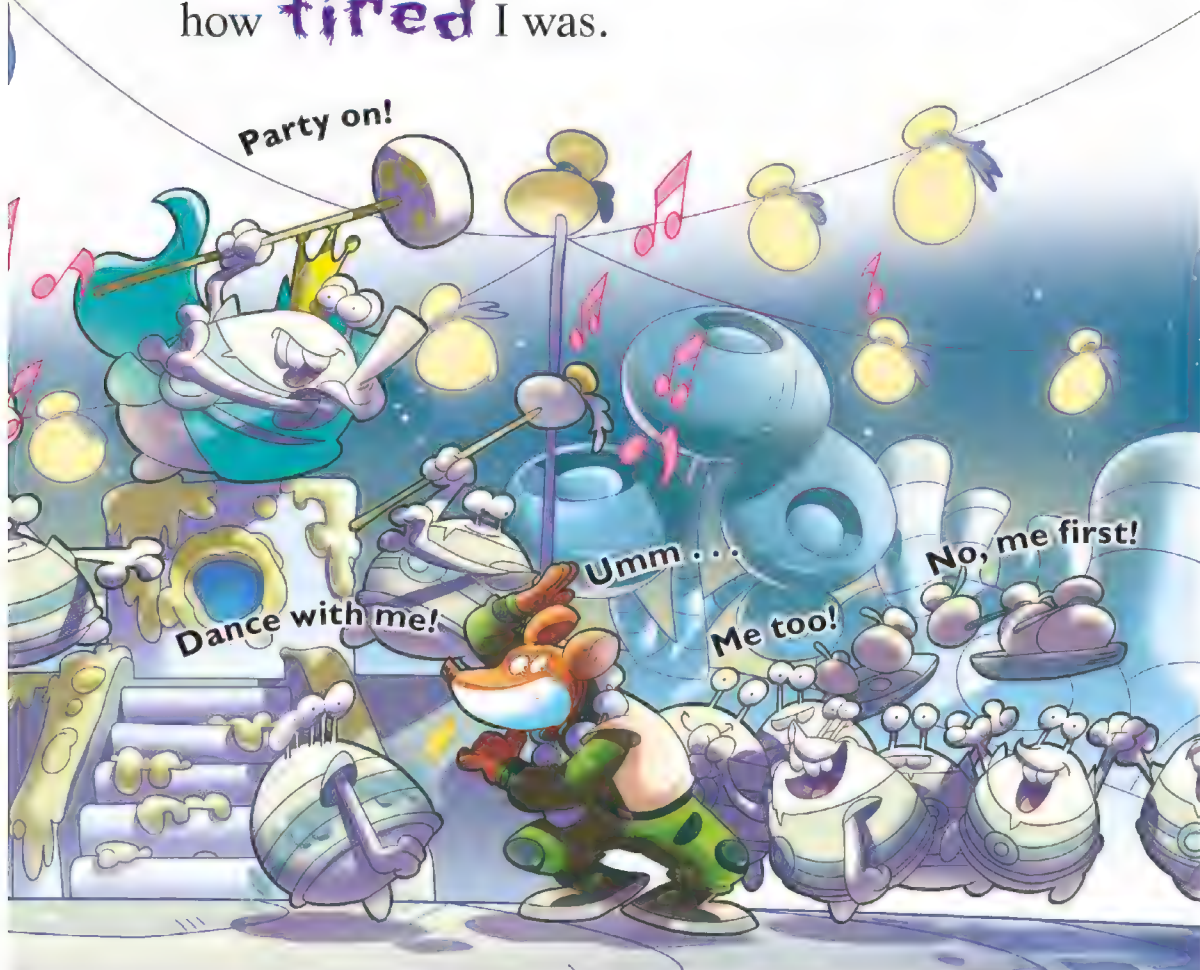
The cheesix were **CONFUSED** at first, but they picked it up quickly.

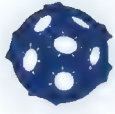




As it turns out, the cheesix were very **good dancers**, and they could dance all night without stopping. And **guess who** they wanted to dance with? Me!

I danced and danced until my fur was **FRAZZLED** and my whiskers were **DROOPING**. The cheesix didn't understand how **tired** I was.





A PARTY . . . WITH A SURPRISE!

“Cheesemaster, don’t you like the music?” one asked me. “We can put on **Taylor Swiss!** Or do you like space rap? How about some **Chee-Z?**”

I COULDN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE!

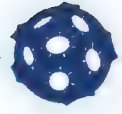
I marched up to King Spherus on my **tired** paws.

“Your Majesty, when does the dancing end?” I asked. “My muscles are as **wobbly** as string cheese!”

“You can go to sleep now, Cheesemaster,” the king replied. “Tomorrow you have a **busy** day!”

“Busy?” I asked, suspicious.

“Tomorrow you will complete the **second part** of the prophecy,” King Spherus answered, smiling. “That’s when the Cheesemaster challenges the **Slurp Monster** to a duel and frees our people!”



DUEL? SLURP MONSTER?!

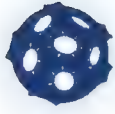
I broke out into a cold sweat. My whiskers began to **TREMBLE** in fright.

“Slurp Monster?” I asked.

“The Slurp Monster lives on the other side of our planet,” the king explained. “He

Ooh, the horror!





is a **horrible**, **GIANT**, **furry** monster!”

“**M-m-monster?**” I stammered.

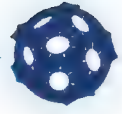
King Spherus nodded. “The monster spends most of his time **sleeping**. But when he wakes up, he comes out of his cave and stomps on our **MOZZARELLA** bushes—then slurps up way more mozzarella than he needs! He **STOMPS** and *slurps* until he’s exhausted, and then he goes back to sleep.”

“And how exactly do you expect my brother to **DUEL** this monster?” Thea asked.

“He’s the **HERO**—he should know,” the king replied. “And when he wins, he can tell the monster not to bother us anymore.”

Great galaxies, what a **NighTMARE!**

I didn’t want to **fight** a monster. I wasn’t the Cheesemaster—but none of the aliens



believed me. There was only one thing I could do: **RUN!**

I didn't get very far before the king's **guards** surrounded me.

"Take him to the **luxury** space cell!" King Spherus commanded. "We must treat the Cheesemaster well, but we must also make sure he doesn't **run off**. We've waited two hundred years for him to arrive!"





I'M NOT A WARRIOR! I'M NOT!

That's how I ended up in a luxury space apartment—one with **B A R S** on the door and windows!

I huddled on my bed, **SHAKING** like a spacequake.

“Oh, for a **million moons!** How am I supposed to duel a giant monster? I'm not a **WARRIOR**. I'm a space captain who would rather be a full-time **writer!**” I wailed.

All I could think about was the horrible Slurp Monster, who would surely reduce me to **space dust** in an astrosecond!

Suddenly, I heard a voice from the **window**.



“Geronimo! We’re here!”

I turned and **saw** Thea with Benjamin, Bugsy, Sally, and Robotix!

I **jumped** up. “How great to see you!” I exclaimed, relief washing over me. “How did you **find** me?”

“It was easy,” Thea replied. “After all that dancing, the cheesix fell into a **deep sleep**.”



“The whole city is **snoring**, including the king!” Sally continued. “So it was simple to follow the guards without being noticed.”

“And we found a way to

help you, Uncle,” Benjamin added.

I brightened up. “**Really? You can get me out?**”

“Well, not exactly . . . ” Thea replied, her voice trailing off.

Sally nodded. “Actually, Captain, we don’t have the **technology** to deactivate the **LASER** bars in your cell.”



“So then how are you going to help me?” I asked in a tiny voice.

Benjamin pulled a small **gadget** from his pocket. It looked like a piece of cheese. He passed it to me through the bars.

“We can help you **DEFEAT** the monster,” he said.

I turned as **PALE** as mozzarella.

“We contacted the *MouseStar 1*,”





I'M NOT A WARRIOR! I'M NOT!

Benjamin went on. “Hologramix gathered all known data on the **SLURP MONSTER** and put it on this flash drive for you. If you connect it to your wrist computer, you can see all the information.”

Bugsy nodded. “We discovered that the monster has a few **weaknesses**,” she said. “You can **STUDY** them as you prepare for the duel.”

I couldn’t believe it. “But I’m not a **warrior**! What good will it do me to know my monster’s weaknesses if I **faint** as soon as I see him?”

“You have no choice, Ger,” Thea said.

I sighed. “All right. I promise I will **do my best**.”

I needed to get to work. I didn’t have much time to learn all the secrets of the **SLURP MONSTER**!



THE POWER OF TICKLING!

Thea and the others left, and I **inserted** the flash drive into my wrist computer.

Rays of light shot from the watch and quickly began to take shape. Blinking, I watched as two rodents whom I knew **very well** appeared before me.

“Professor Greenfur? Grandfather? What are you doing here?” I asked.

“I knew you would fall for it like



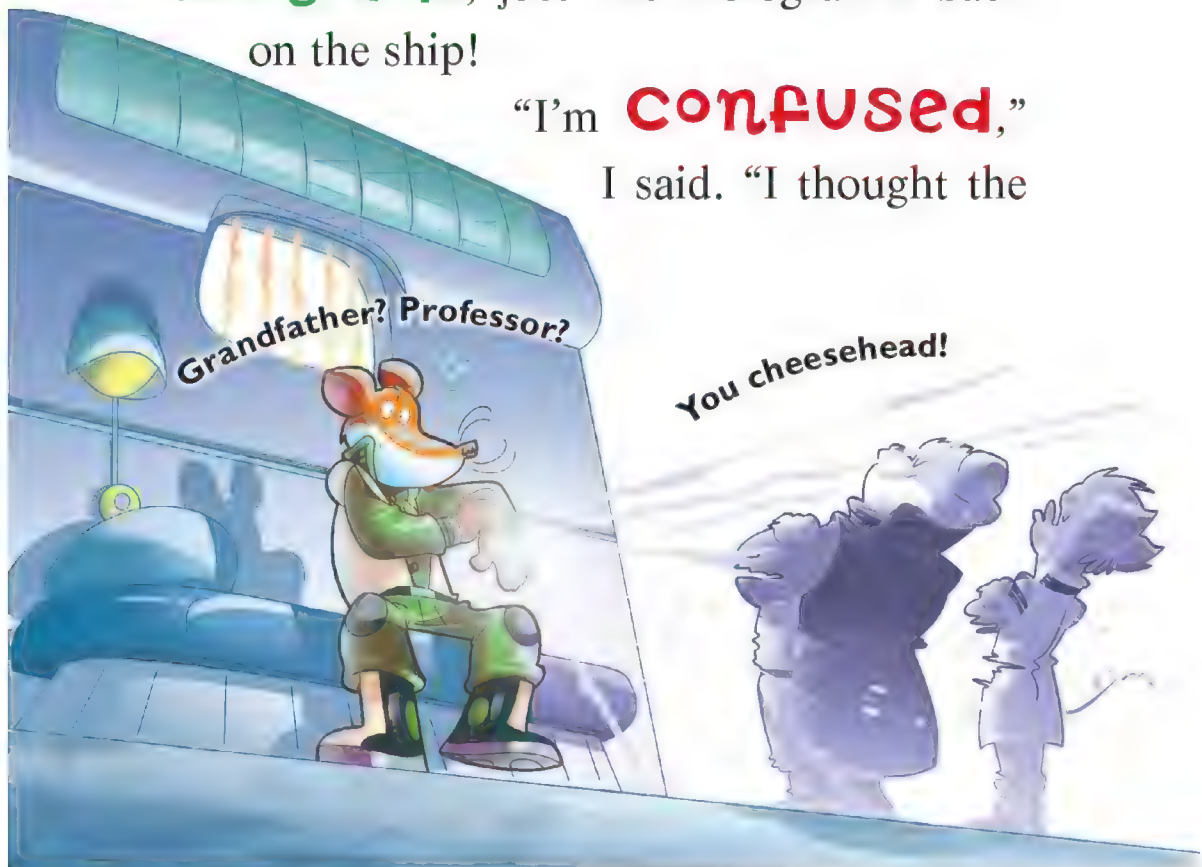


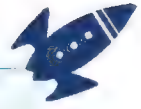
THE POWER OF TICKLING!

a **cheesehead**, Grandson!” Grandfather William replied in a booming voice. “We’re not real! What you are seeing is a **three-dimensional** image of us, **PROJECTED** from your wrist computer!”

I reached out to touch them, but my paw passed right **through** them as though they were cosmic clouds. They were **holograms**, just like Hologramix back on the ship!

“I’m **CONFUSED**,”
I said. “I thought the





flash drive contained **data** about the Slurp Monster, not you!”

“**WE’VE** got the data for you,” Grandfather replied. “Thea tells me that you’re **afraid** to duel this monster. Is that right?”

“Well, basically . . .” I began.

“You’re as **soft** as cream cheese!” Grandfather barked. “You need to buck up and act like **hard cheese**, like a sharp cheddar!”

“So you want me to act like cheese?” I asked, confused.

At that point, an image of the Slurp Monster **projected** from my wrist. Professor Greenfur began to speak.

“As you can see, the Slurp Monster has six arms and **one big eye**,” he began.

I gulped. “And one **enormouse** mouth!”



THE POWER OF TICKLING!

“They are very **RARE** creatures,” Professor Greenfur continued. “In fact, only one or two can be found in each galaxy. Despite their terrible appearance, they are not as **TOUGH** as they look. They have a major **weak spot**.”

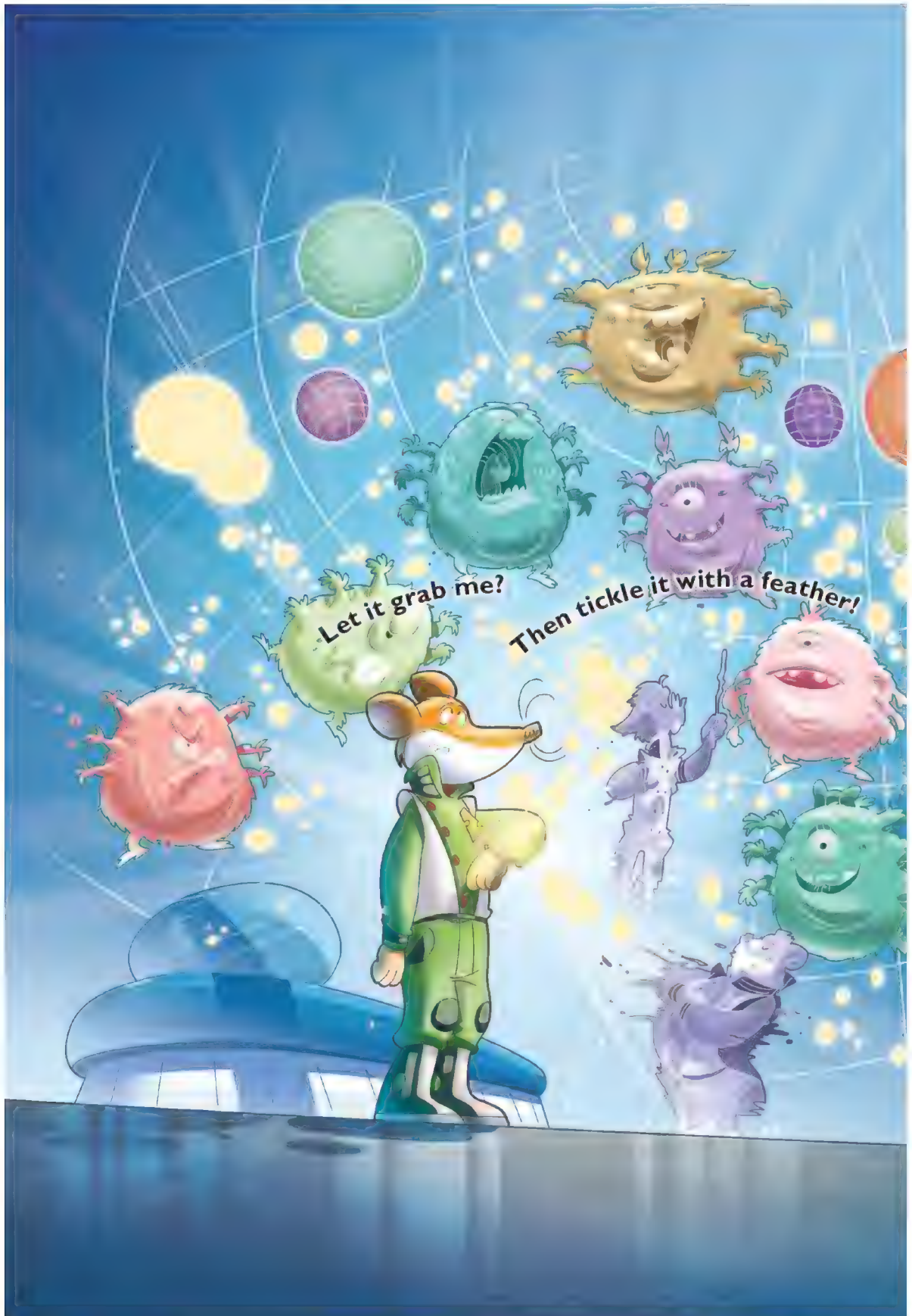
Now I was curious. “What’s their weak spot?”

“They are extremely **ticklish**!” the professor replied.

Cosmic cheddar, those beasts were ticklish? I couldn’t believe it.

“There is one way to **defeat** this monster,” Professor Greenfur went on. “Allow the creature to grab you. Just before you are swallowed up, tickle it with a **feather**.”

“Did you say I should let it **GRAB ME**?” I asked nervously, but the professor ignored me.





THE POWER OF TICKLING!

“If this maneuver is carried out correctly, the monster will start **LAUGHING** and give up the duel,” Professor Greenfur explained.

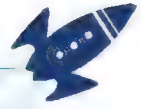
“So **listen up**, Grandson!” Grandfather barked. “Tomorrow, when the duel begins, Thea will toss you a feather. The rest should be as **easy** as taking cheese nuggets from a baby rodent.”

I frowned. Tickling a **GIANT** space monster didn’t sound easy to me!

“Our time is up,” Grandfather said. “Hologram projection will drain the battery life of your wrist computer pretty quickly. Behave like a **true captain** tomorrow, you hear?!”

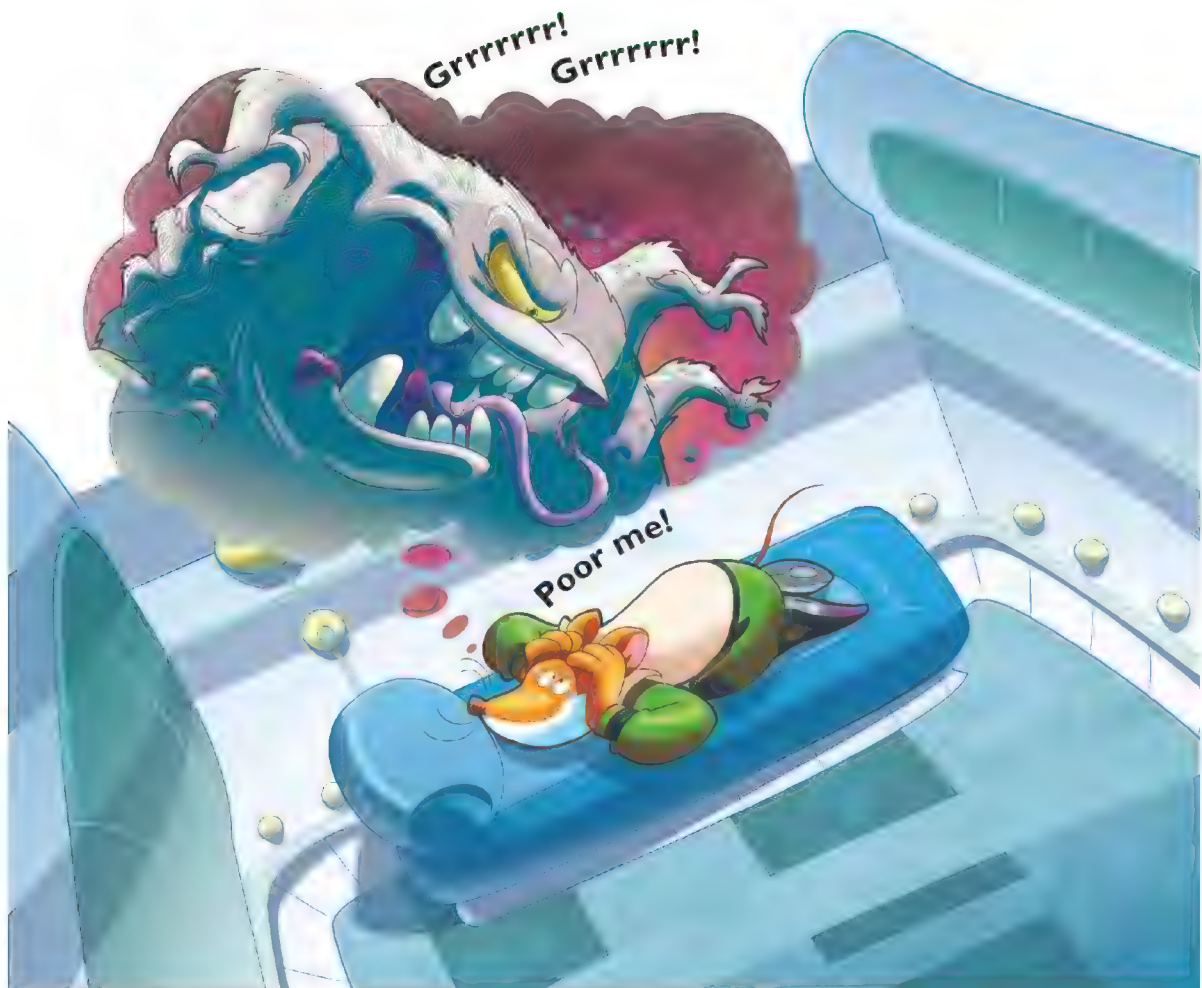
The images **faded**, and I was alone in my cell. I tried to sleep, but images of the Slurp Monster **danced** in my worried mind . . .

When I did fall asleep, I had terrible



nightmares that the Slurp Monster grabbed me and **gobbled** me down in one bite!

Galactic GORGONZOLA, how scary!





SNORE . . . RUMBLE!

The next morning, **KING SPHERUS** and a group of guards came to get me.

“Cheesemaster, did you sleep well?” the king asked. “Are you ready for the **big duel** with the Slurp Monster?”

“Actually, I **TOSSED** and **turned** all night,” I replied. “I was too **afraid** to sleep!”

The king burst out **laughing**.

“Ha! That’s a good one,





Cheesemaster. I like a hero with a **sense of humor.**”

I knew there was nothing I could say to convince him that I was not a **HERO**, so I didn’t say anything. The guards led me out of my cell and brought me to a small **SPACE shuttle**. We departed for the other side of the planet, where the monster lived.

During the trip I **looked** out the window and saw that a space shuttle from the *MouseStar 1* was following us. I kept my snout shut, because I knew that my **friends** were behind me! That gave me a bit **(but just a bit)** of courage.

When we landed, the ground began to **shake . . .**

“Just what we need—a **SPACEQUAKE!**” I yelled.

“That’s not a spacequake, Cheesemaster,”



SNORE . . . RUMBLE!

King Spherus said, amused. “It’s just the Slurp Monster, **SNORING!** His snores are so strong they make the ground **RUMBLE.**”

Shooting stars! The Slurp Monster was **bigger** than I’d realized!

I thought maybe I could use the situation





to my **ADVANTAGE**. “If the monster is snoring so hard, maybe this isn’t the best time to wake him,” I suggested. “We might just make him **angry**.”

“The Slurp Monster is **always** angry,” King Spherus replied. “Anyway, I know





SNORE . . . RUMBLE!

a trick that can help you **defeat** the monster.”

“**A trick?**” I asked hopefully. “Well, that changes everything. What is it?”

King Spherus frowned. “You’re pretty **impatient** for a hero, Cheesemaster. I’ll tell you when the time is ready.”

I sighed. The king just didn’t get it. I wasn’t impatient . . .

I was frightened out of my fur!



A RUDE AWAKENING

We stepped out of the shuttle in front of a large **cave**.

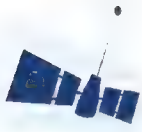
“That is where the Slurp Monster **sleeps**,” King Spherus explained.

My whiskers were **trembling** with fright as we stepped inside the dark cave. There, snoring away, was the giant **SLURP MONSTER**! He was even more **terrifying** in person.

The guards approached him and began to **shake** him to wake him up. But the monster kept snoring.

“Use a **long stick** to pry open his eye!” the king ordered.

The guards prodded the monster’s **EYE**, but he just started snoring **LOUDER** than before.



“Maybe we should just leave,” I suggested.

The king ignored me. “Use the **space resonator!**” he commanded.

The cheesix put a machine that looked like an **enormouse trumpet** up to the monster’s ear. Then . . .

Ooooooooooooooeeeeee!
Ooooooooooooooeeeeee!

The resonator let out a sound like a siren. The monster opened his eye and let out a terrible **ROAR!**

“Galactic Gorgonzola, I told you he would get **ANGRY!**” I squeaked, running out of the cave.

The others followed me, and the **monster** stomped out behind us. He looked like he was in a **terrible mood.**

The king and his guards **FLED**, leaving me



by myself. As I saw the king run away, I **remembered** something.

“Your Majesty, **WAIT!** You didn’t tell me the **trick** to defeating the monster!” I yelled after him.

The king stopped. “Oh right, I forgot. **Legend** says that the monster will only be







A RUDE AWAKENING

defeated when the hero yells, ‘**Give up, you one-eyed fur ball!**’ Now excuse me, Cheesemaster, but I must be **running** off!”

I couldn’t believe my ears. That was the trick? Yelling an **INSULT**? That didn’t sound like such a **GOOD** idea to me.

The king and his guards boarded the space shuttle and flew away.

Stinky space cheese, they had left me all alone!

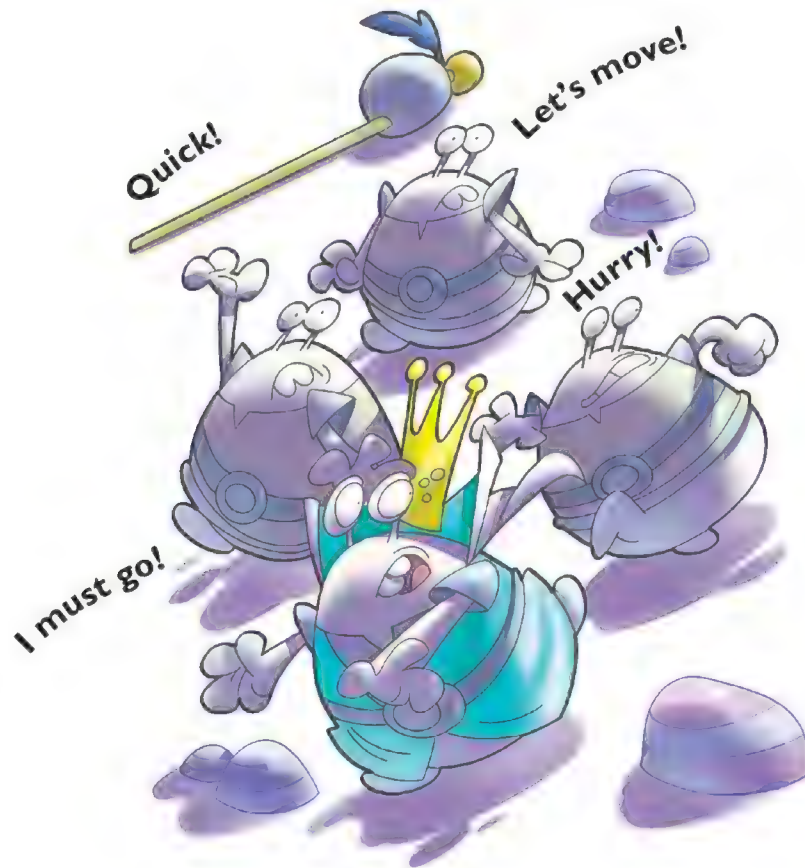
I tried to remember what Professor Greenfur had told me. And the king’s trick. But my mind was as **BLANK** as a slice of provolone.

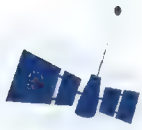
I was so **scared** I couldn’t think straight!

*I was done for . . .
finished . . . hopeless!*



I was frozen with fear. The Slurp Monster **grabbed** me with one hand and lifted me into the air. The words the king had said popped into my brain.





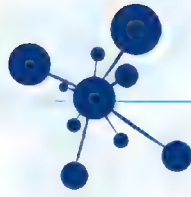
A RUDE AWAKENING

"Give up, you one-eyed fur ball!"

But the words only made the monster **ANGRIER!** He growled and started to **SQUISH** me like a mozzarella ball!

I needed another plan if I wanted to **KEEP MY FUR!**





SHAKEN LIKE A SWISS CHEESE SMOOTHIE!

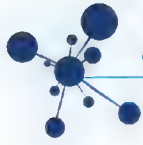
“Hang tight, Geronimo, we’re here!”

HOPE returned as I heard Thea’s voice. She, Benjamin, Buggy, Sally, and Robotix came **RUNNING** toward me.

The Slurp Monster reached for them with his other five hands. They all **dodged** him. Thea jumped between two **furry** hands and yelled, “Geronimo, this is for you! You can do it!”

Then she threw me a colorful *feather*.

I hesitated. The king’s trick hadn’t worked. What if tickling made the monster even **angrier**?



SHAKEN LIKE A SWISS CHEESE SMOOTHIE!

I closed my eyes, imagining the monster **gobbling** me down like a jalapeño popper. When I opened them, I saw that the monster had **grabbed** everybody!

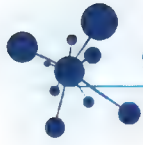
“**Help** us, Uncle Geronimo!” Benjamin pleaded.

Seeing that the rodents (and robot) I cared about most were in danger gave me **COURAGE**. I grabbed the feather and yelled, “**Let go of my friends** or you’ll have to deal with me!”

Then I began to brush the **feather** against the monster’s head. He stopped growling. His massive belly started to **shake**, and he closed his mouth to keep himself from laughing. His one giant eye started to tear up.

“Keep doing it, Geronimo. **It’s working!**” Thea urged me.





SHAKEN LIKE A SWISS CHEESE SMOOTHIE!

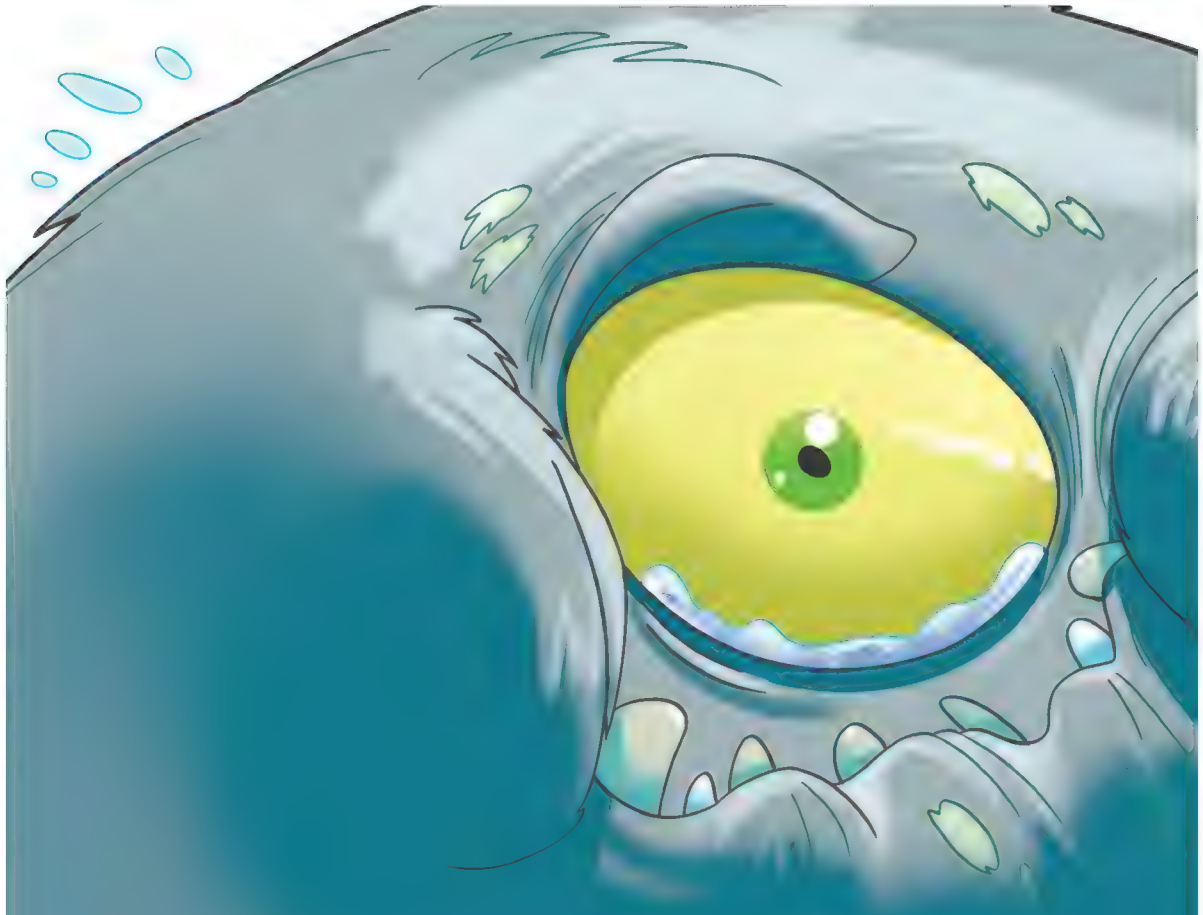
“Yeah, he’s in **trouble** now!” Buggy cheered.

I waved the feather even **FASTER** and the monster started to **swell up** as he tried hard to hold back his laughter.

Holey craters, it looked like he was about to **BURST**!

I thought I had **WON**, but I was wrong . . .

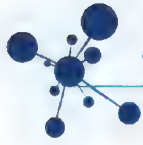




Unfortunately, he managed to hold back his laughter. He **shook me** like a Swiss cheese smoothie! My insides were starting to feel **scrambled**!

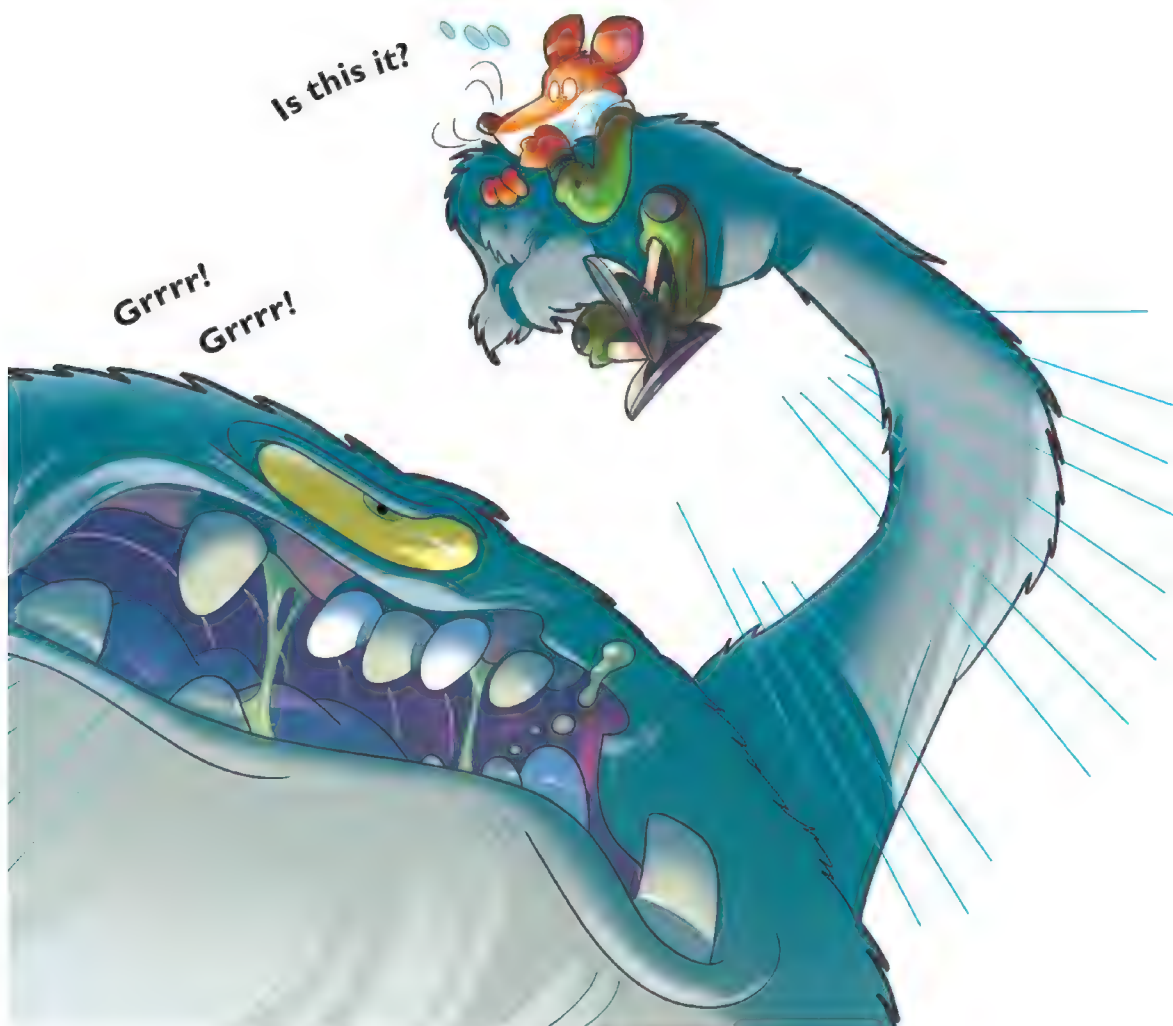
All that shaking **knocked** the feather out of my paw. I watched it **FLOAT** slowly to the ground.

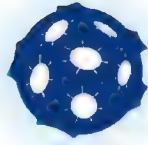
Nooooooooooooo!



SHAKEN LIKE A SWISS CHEESE SMOOTHIE!

Then the monster lifted me above his **ENORMOUSE** mouth and opened it wide. Believe me, friends, I have never been so **AFRAID** in all my life . . .





MONSTROUS EMOTIONS

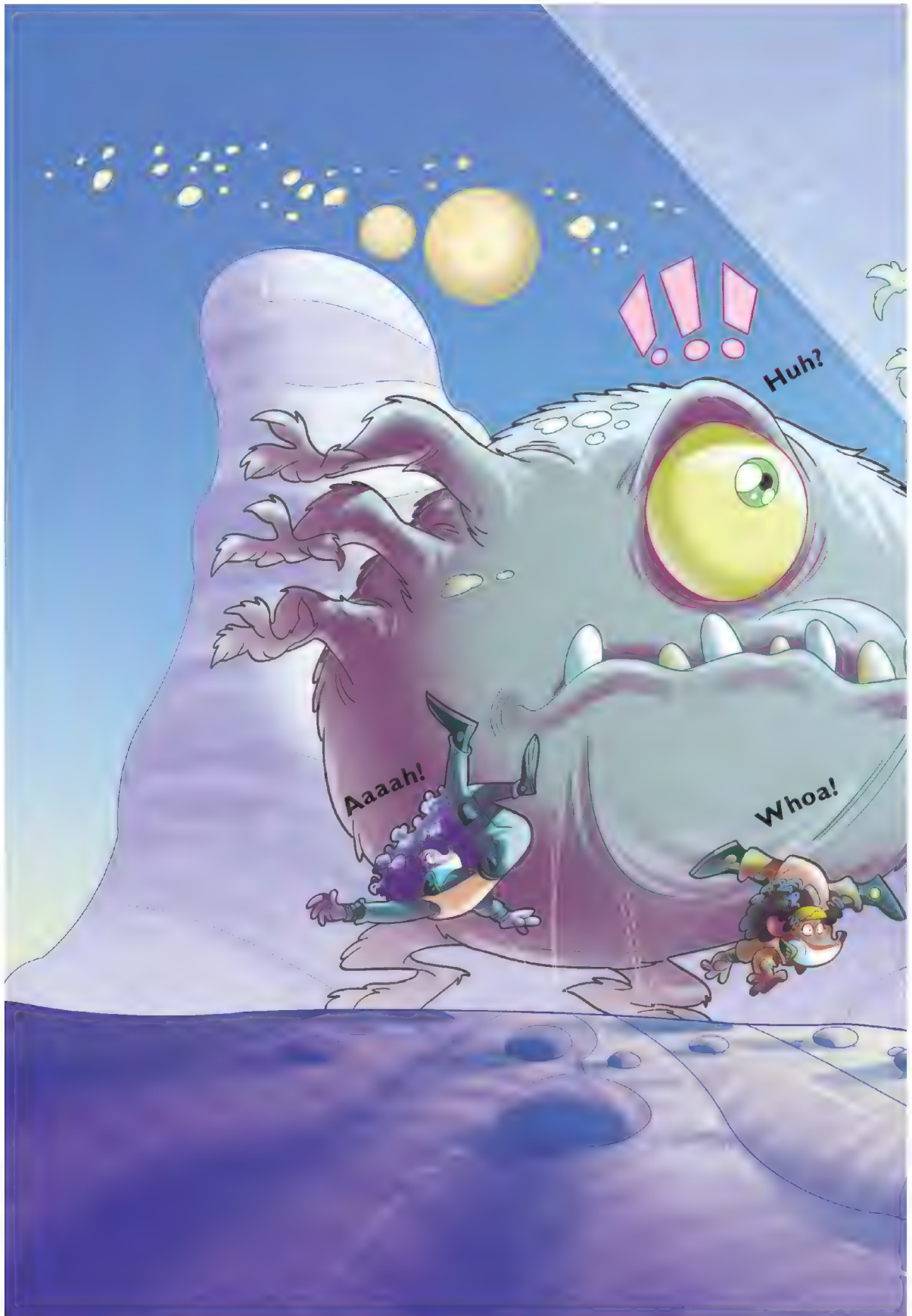
Stinky space cheese, I had to try something!

I grabbed the monster's finger and started **shaking** my paw at him. "Let me go, you big mound of fur!" I yelled.

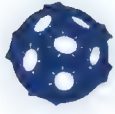
The **SHAKING** activated my wrist computer. It began to project the **3-D** images of the Slurp Monsters that Professor Greenfur had sent me.

The monster's eye grew **WIDE** when he saw the other monsters. Then he let out a big **sigh** and let go of me and the others! We fell to the ground. **Thump!**

Luckily, the surface of the planet







MONSTROUS EMOTIONS

Mozzarellon is **soft** and **BOUNCY**, so we didn't get hurt. We looked at one another, **stunned**. We couldn't believe we were free!

"For all the short circuits, why did the monster give up so suddenly?" **ROBOTIX** asked.

"I have no idea!" I responded.

But Benjamin and Bugsy were both *smiling*—they had figured it out.

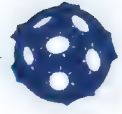
"It's obvious, Uncle G!" Benjamin said. "Look at his face. That **giant furball** is emotional!"

Emotional? Is that possible?

When I **looked** at the monster, I knew Benjamin and Bugsy were right.

The monster's **angry** expression had completely changed. His face was **SWEET** and **sad**.

"Of course!" Sally exclaimed. "The Slurp Monster is all **alone** on this planet. Seeing



the images of the other monsters is making him feel **sad**. That's why he let us go!"

"I don't think he's actually evil at all. I just think he's **lonely**," Bugsy said.

I understood what they meant.
Underneath that mountain of muscles, the monster had a heart!

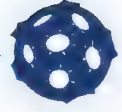
Galactic Gouda, who would have guessed?

I could have **ESCAPED** then with my friends and never looked back. But the monster was so sad. And the cheesix would still have a monster **PROBLEM**. I couldn't just leave, could I?

Then an **iDEA** hit me.

"What if we help this monster find his **friends**?" I suggested. "If he were happier, he might stop **TERRORIZING** the cheesix by stomping and slurping their mozzarella bushes."





Benjamin and Buggy looked at each other.
“We have an idea,” Benjamin said.
“*Follow us!*”

And so we all boarded the space shuttle
and quickly returned to the *MouseStar 1*.



ULTRAGIGATONIC POWER!

When we reached the *MouseStar 1*, Benjamin and Buggy **ran** to look for Professor Greenfur. The rest of us followed them to the professor's lab.

“*Welcome back!* What can I do for you?” he greeted us.

Buggy had to catch her **breath** before she could talk. “We need to know if you can modify the **Teletransportix** to transport something that is **VERY LARGE!**” she blurted out.

“And very **FAR AWAY!**” Benjamin added.

Professor Greenfur frowned. “It depends on what you have in mind,” he said.





“We think the *Slurp Monster* stomps and slurps the mozzarella bushes because he’s **ANGRY** that he’s all alone, and he’s bored,” Benjamin explained. “So, if we could transport **other** Slurp Monsters to Mozzarellon, he might be **happier** and stop destroying the mozzarella.”

“That’s a great idea, Benjamin!” I said.

But Professor Greenfur was still **frowning**.

“This can’t be done easily,” Professor





ULTRAGIGATONIC POWER!

Greenfur explained. “To **dematerialize** all the molecules of a Slurp Monster, you would need **ultragigatonic power**. Our Teletransportix only has **regular** gigatonic power.”

The room went silent as we looked at one another, **DISAPPOINTED**. Benjamin and Bugsy’s plan was great—but how could we make it happen?

“Wait, I have an idea!” Sally exclaimed suddenly. “The **SOLUTION** might be right under our snouts. The *MouseStar 1* engine has **ULTRAGIGATONIC POWER!** Working together, Professor Greenfur and I could temporarily transfer all of the **POWER** of the spaceship to the Teletransportix.”

Bugsy grinned. “Then it would have enough **ENERGY** to transport a Slurp Monster!”



Didn't I tell you that **Sally** was brilliant?

"Excellent thinking, Sally!" Professor Greenfur cried. "There is no time to lose. **Let's get to work!**"

Sally and Professor Greenfur quickly began to do calculations.

"We need to get to the **control room**," Thea said. "We've got to locate other Slurp Monsters in the universe!"

So Thea, Benjamin, Buggy, Robotix, and I **HURRIED** to the control room, **excited** about the new plan.



HARDER, GERONIMO!

I **BURST** into the control room first.

“Hologramix, locate all monsters similar to the **slurp monster** that are present in the universe!” I called out. “Get me their coordinates as quickly as possible so we can teleport them. We are on an **URGENT** mission to . . .”

That’s when I noticed that the control room was **D A R K**. None of the machines were humming. Then a **flashlight beam** appeared out of the darkness. It was my grandfather!

“What are you **blabbering** on about, Grandson?” Grandfather asked. “I don’t know what **MESS** you made in the laboratory, but we’ve lost all

electricity! Nothing works!”

“Of course!” Thea cried. “Professor Greenfur and Sally have transferred all the **energy** from the *MouseStar 1* to the Teletransportix. But we should have asked them to wait. We need **power** so we can locate the **MONSTERS!**”





Grandfather shook his head. “It’s the *same old story*. Once again, it’s up to me to get you all out of **trouble**! Luckily, when they built the *MouseStar 1*, I made them put in an old **energy generator** that will always work in an emergency.”

“What kind of generator?” I asked.

Grandfather pulled a lever on a control panel, and a **TRAPDOOR** on the floor opened up. Holey craters, I had no idea that hiding place existed!

Then he pulled out a **STRANGE** contraption. It looked like a bicycle, with pedals and two **wheels**, linked by cables to a battery. He set it up in front of me.

“Here you go, Geronimo!” he said. “Start **pedaling**!”

It looked like it would take a lot of pedaling to generate enough **energy** to get the



control room operating.

“Maybe we should talk to Professor Greenfur,” I suggested. “There must be some **other way** to—”

“There you go, Grandson, acting like **soft cheese** again,” he scolded me. “You said so yourself: All the ship’s energy is needed to power the Teletransportix. What, are you **afraid** of a little hard work? A little **SWEAT**?”

“N-no, Grandfather,” I stammered.

Thea stepped up. “I’ll do the pedaling,” she offered.

“No!” Grandfather barked. “**This is a job for the ship’s captain!**”

“Maybe we could **take turns**?” I suggested, but Grandfather wasn’t hearing it.

“Hop on that machine **right now**, Geronimo!” he yelled.



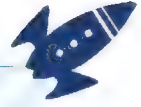
I tried one more plea. “But, Grandfather, **I haven’t trained, I’m not ready, and I’m not good at it!**”

But Grandfather just **CLARED** at me, and I climbed on the generator with a sigh. Then I began to pedal.

“FASTER, YOU MOLDY MANCHEGO!”

Grandfather yelled. “We need more energy!”





His **booming** voice spurred me on, and I pedaled faster. In a few minutes, the **LIGHTS** in the control room came on. The machines began to hum.

“**Hooray!**” everyone cheered.

But I wasn't cheering. I still had to pedal **faster . . . and faster . . . and faster . . .** and I couldn't stop until we located the monsters!



MONSTER MOLECULES APPROACHING!

Now that Hologramix had power, it began searching for Slurp Monsters. After a few **astroseconds**, it made an announcement.

“All the similar **Slurp Monsters** of the universe have been identified!”

“Good work! Show us images on the screen,” Grandfather said.

HOLOGRAMIX obeyed. We saw that every Slurp Monster was alike. No matter what planet they were on, each monster was angrily **stomping** around, destroying stuff, and **slurping** it up.

“There’s no time to lose,” Thea said. “We



need to **transport** all of them!”

But I was starting to think the plan was a **bad idea**. “What if they all behave like this on Mozzarellon? We’ll be causing even more **TROUBLE** for the cheesix!”

“Uncle, **trust me**,” Benjamin whispered. “I looked the Slurp Monster in the eye and understood that he wasn’t bad, just very **lonely**. I am sure that is the same for the others.”



MONSTER MOLECULES APPROACHING!

I looked into my nephew's kind *eyes* and knew I had to trust him.

"Prepare the Teletransportix!" I shouted, still pedaling furiously. "We will relocate each of the monsters to Mozzarellon. Hologramix, send the **coordinates** to Professor Greenfur!"

Sally turned on the Teletransportix, and immediately, beams of **GOLDEN LIGHT** shot out in all directions. We watched the **screen** to see what would happen.

One by one, the monsters **disappeared** as their molecules dematerialized. The aliens on the planets all **CHEERED** to see the monsters go.

"I think you made the right decision, Ger," Thea said.

"I hope so," I replied, and then Robotix said exactly what I was thinking.

MONSTER MOLECULES APPROACHING!



“We cannot **celebrate** just yet,” he said. “Right now, millions of **MONSTER MOLECULES** are approaching Mozzarellon. We still do not know what will happen when the monsters arrive.”

I was almost **AFRAID** to find out. What if we were wrong? **MOZZARELLON MIGHT BE DESTROYED!**





A FRIEND IS A TREASURE

We hopped back into the **space shuttle** and headed to Mozzarellon. We wanted to be there when the **MONSTERS** arrived.

When we landed, we saw a group of the Slurp Monsters gathered near the city of the cheesix. They all looked **SURPRISED** at first. But when they saw each other, they **smiled** and started **hugging** one another!

“See? They look **HAPPY**,” Benjamin remarked.

King Spherus marched toward us. “Cheesemaster, what is going on? You were supposed to **defeat** the Slurp Monster, not bring us more!”



“But look,” Thea said. “They’re not stomping or slurping anymore. They’re just **HUGGING.**”

“The Slurp Monster was just **LONELY,**” Benjamin piped up. “Now that he has **friends,** he won’t bother you anymore.”

The Slurp Monsters all **NODDED** to show they agreed.

“No more stomping and slurping?” King Spherus asked. “Why, that’s *wonderful!* I knew you could do it, Cheesemaster! Thank you!”



“You’re welcome,” I said. “And now, we really should be **GOING** . . .”

“**NONSENSE!**” the king cried. “The cheesix will honor our **HEROES** with three days of dancing and celebration!”

DANCING? CELEBRATION?

THREE DAYS?! AGAIN?!

HEEEEEEEELP!

I tried to protest, but it was too late. The party had already started!

And that’s how, once again, I was forced to **DANCE** for three straight days! The monsters joined the celebration as well, and quickly became **friends** with the cheesix. It felt great to see that our plan had worked out so well!

I was **exhausted** when the party finally ended, and I was glad that



Hooray!

Woo-hoo!

Hooray!



Long live the Cheesemaster!

Let's dance, friends!

Bam! Bam!

Hooray!



A FRIEND IS A TREASURE

it was time to **depart**. A happy crowd accompanied us to the shuttle that would return us to the *MouseStar 1*.

As we climbed on board, we heard a cry.

“Hey, don’t leave *without me!*”

It was my cousin **Trap**. Holey craters, we had almost **forgotten** about him!

The effects of the **Hypnotizer** had finally worn off, and Trap had returned to **normal**. He climbed on board the

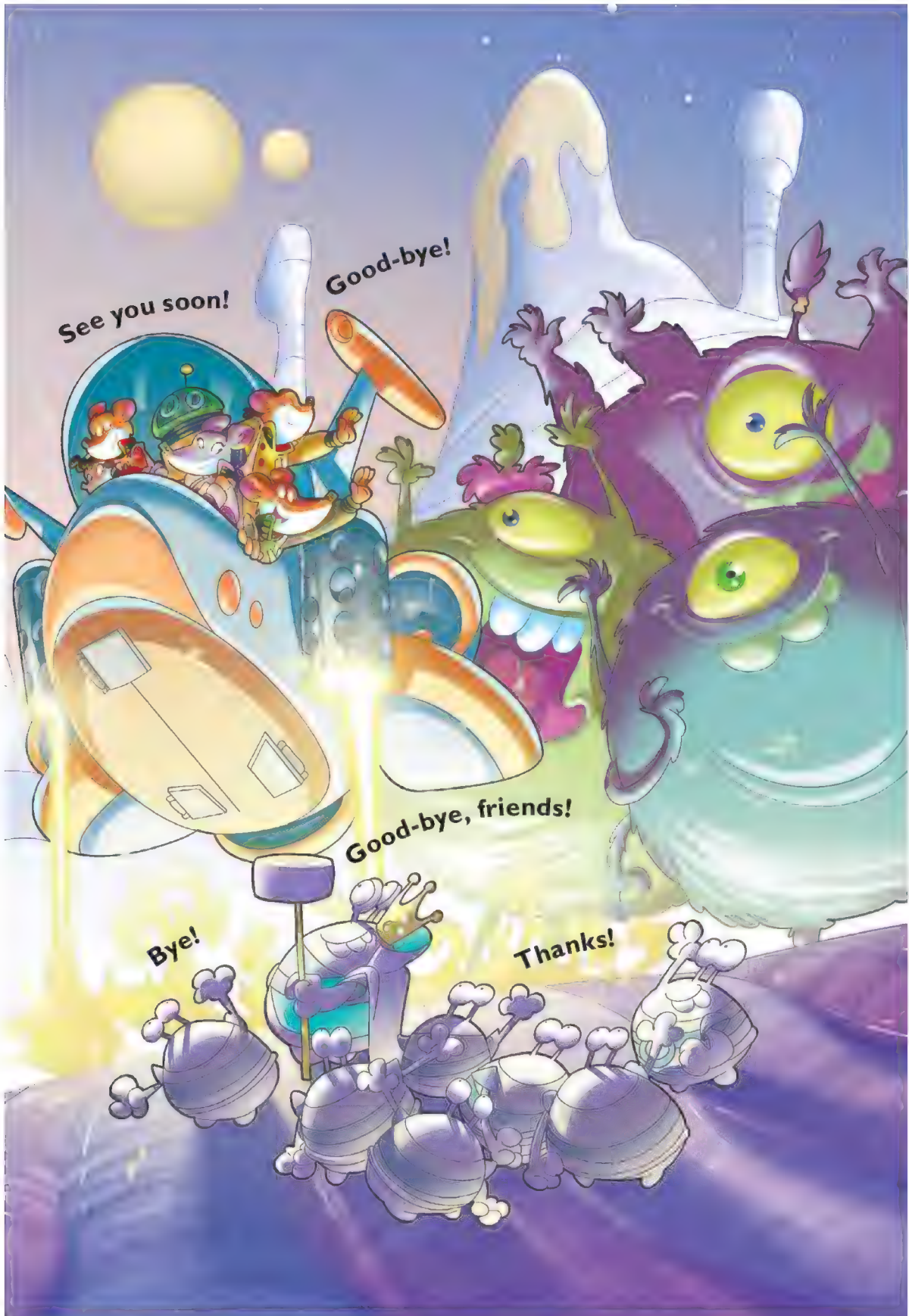
Don’t forget me!



shuttle, scratching his head.

“I really don’t remember how I ended up in that enormous **Laundromat** doing all that cleaning,” he said. “Tell me, did I miss anything **important?**”

We all laughed, and Benjamin and Bugsy filled



See you soon!

Good-bye!

Good-bye, friends!

Bye!

Thanks!



him in on what had happened.

Then the shuttle docked with the ship, and we headed to the **control room**, where Grandfather William was waiting for us.

“It’s about time, you **CHUNKS OF COSMIC CHEDDAR!**” he said. “We still have so many corners of the **universe** to explore! And you, Grandson, tell me: Did you **LEARN** anything from this adventure?”

I thought for a moment. “Yes,” I replied. “I learned that **friendship** is the best tool in the cosmos for solving **conflicts**.”

“Well done, Grandson!” Grandfather said, patting me on the back. “You actually did a pretty **GOOD JOB** with this mission. You are not a total cheesebrain!”

The words filled me with **joy**. Grandfather almost never complimented me!

But his good mood didn’t last long.



“We’ve **WASTED** enough time!” he boomed. “Let’s get navigating. **Full speed ahead!**”

The MouseStar 1 zipped away from Mozzarellon, heading toward a new **astral** adventure. But that’s a story for another day. See you next time!



Don't miss any adventures
of the Spacemice!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater
Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled



#9 Slurp Monster
Showdown



#10 Pirate Spacecat
Attack

Up Next!



**Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure of
the Emerald Eye**



**#2 The Curse of the
Cheese Pyramid**



**#3 Cat and Mouse in a
Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond of
My Fur!**



**#5 Four Mice Deep in
the Jungle**



**#6 Paws Off,
Cheddarface!**



**#7 Red Pizzas for a
Blue Count**



**#8 Attack of the
Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse
Vacation for Geronimo**



**#10 All Because of a
Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween,
You 'Fraidy Mouse!**



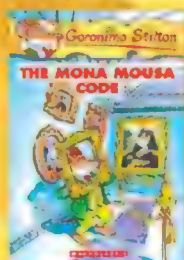
**#12 Merry Christmas,
Geronimo!**



**#13 The Phantom of
the Subway**



**#14 The Temple of the
Ruby of Fire**



**#15 The Mona Mousa
Code**



**#16 A Cheese-Colored
Camper**



**#17 Watch Your
Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on the
Pirate Islands**



**#19 My Name Is Stilton,
Geronimo Stilton**



**#20 Surf's Up,
Geronimo!**



**#21 The Wild, Wild
West**



**#22 The Secret
of Cacklefur Castle**



A Christmas Tale



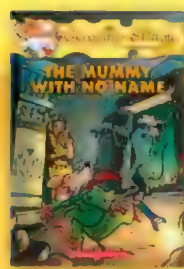
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



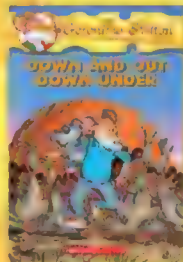
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



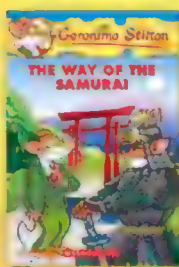
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



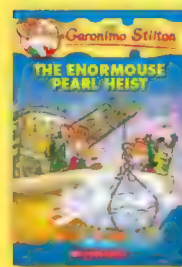
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission



#65 Bollywood Burglary



The Hunt for the Hundredth Key

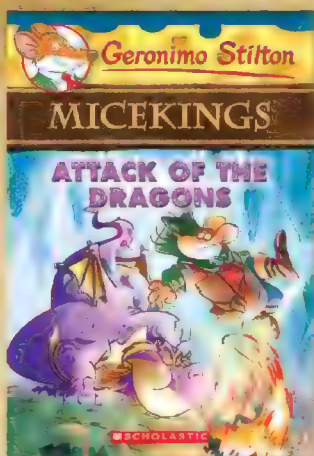


#66 Operation: Secret Recipe

MEET Geronimo Stiltonord



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!



**#1 Attack of the
Dragons**



**#2 The Famous
Fjord Race**



**#3 Pull the
Dragon's Tooth!**



**Don't miss
any of these
exciting
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



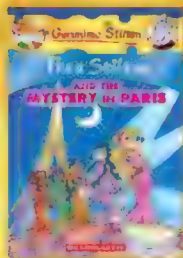
**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage**



**Thea Stilton and the
Missing Myth**



**Thea Stilton and the
Lost Letters**



**Thea Stilton and the
Tropical Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Hollywood Hoax**



**Thea Stilton and the
Madagascar Madness**



Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



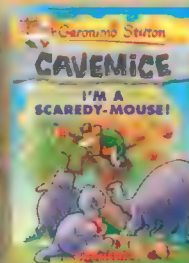
#4 The Fast and the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!



#8 Surfing for Secrets



#9 Get the Scoop, Geronimo!



#10 My Autosaurus Will Win!



#11 Sea Monster Surprise



#12 Paws Off the Pearl!



#13 The Smelly Search



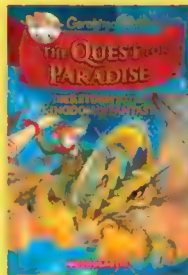
#14 Shoo, Caveflies!



Don't miss
any of my
adventures in
the Kingdom of
Fantasy!



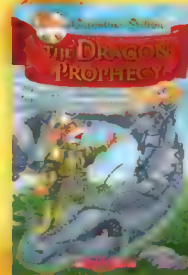
**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:**
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



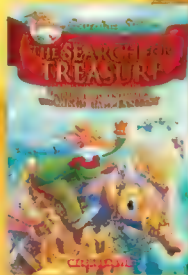
**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:**
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:**
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



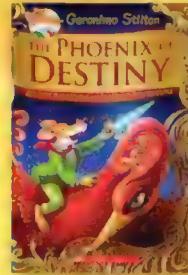
**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:**
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:**
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:**
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:**
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE WIZARD'S
WAND:**
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



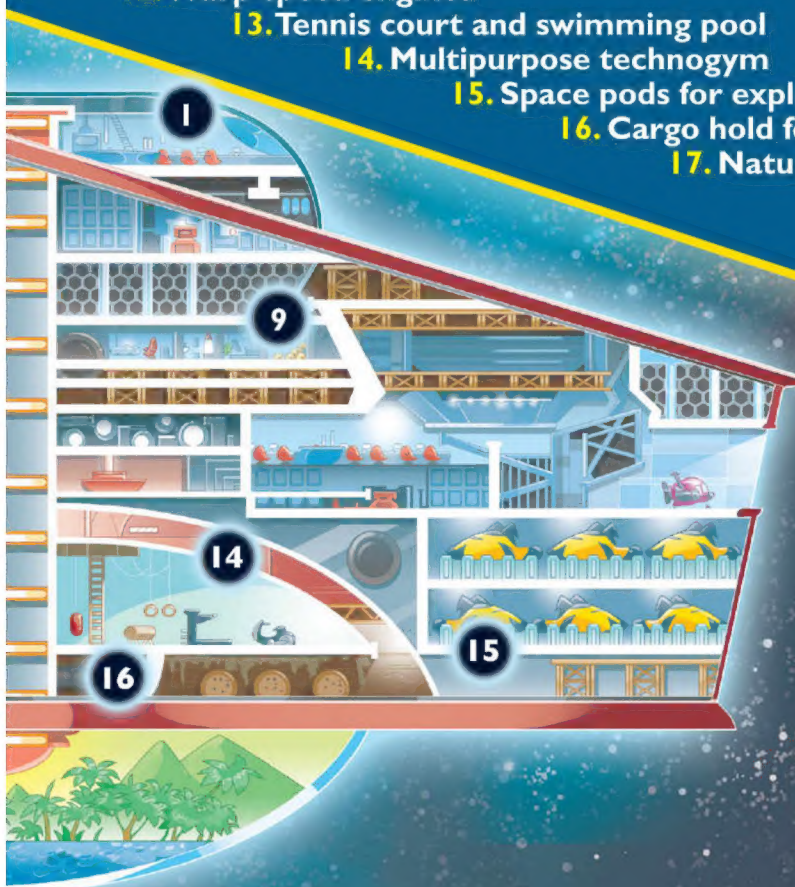
**THE SHIP OF
SECRETS:**
THE TENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY

MouseStar /

The spaceship, home, and refuge of the spacemice!



1. Control room
2. Gigantic telescope
3. Greenhouse to grow plants and flowers
4. Library and reading room
5. Astral Park, an amusement park
6. Space Yum Café
7. Kitchen
8. Liftrix, the special elevator that moves between all floors of the spaceship
9. Computer room
10. Crew cabins
11. Theater for space shows
12. Warp-speed engines
13. Tennis court and swimming pool
14. Multipurpose technogym
15. Space pods for exploration
16. Cargo hold for food supply
17. Natural biosphere



*Dear mouse friends,
thanks for reading,
and good-bye until the next book.
See you in outer space!*



MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!

SLURP MONSTER SHOWDOWN

Geronimo Stiltonix and the spacemice are visiting a planet where the most delicious wild mozzarella grows. Yum! But the planet is plagued by the Slurp Monster — a scary alien who wants all the mozzarella for himself! Can the spacemice restore harmony on this cheesy planet without getting slurped up themselves?



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